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HOW SHE FOOLED HIM.

BY HELEN GRAVES.

The momentous interview between Mrs. Jefferson Wayland and Mr. Hopkins was over at last—and the lady was heartily glad that it was so. All her smiles and suavity were needed—all her slender stock of patience was exhausted.

"Of all intolerable creatures, I do think an old bachelor is the most intolerable," thought Mrs. Wayland to herself, looking at Mr. Hopkins with the sweetest and most interested of expression. "I wonder if he really means to stay here all day—and I have an engagement at two!"

But Mr. Hopkins had risen to his feet at last, with an "ahem," and a manifest intention of going, and Mrs. Wayland rose, too, with a soft rustle of silken robes and expensive laces.

"Then you think, madam, that circumstances are tolerably auspicious as regards the consummation of my matrimonial happiness within a very brief period of time?" was Mr. Hopkins' final query.

"My dear sir, I am quite sure of it," answered Mrs. Wayland, emphatically, as she followed Noah Hopkins, Esquire, to her front door.

Noah was a tall, portly gentleman, something on the shady side of 50, with massive gold eye-glasses, and scanty hair, brushed carefully to hide the bald spot on the crown of his respectable head—a gentleman who pronounced his words slowly and sententiously and somehow seemed to carry in his very presence the auriferous idea of bank stock, railroad bonds and productive coupons!

"Yes, but, madam, Miss Wayland is so very—ahem!—so remarkably undemonstrative—I might even say so decidedly cold in her manner—"

"Oh, my dear sir," smoothly interrupted Mrs. Wayland, "that is the way with all girls at this interesting period of their lives. Nothing on earth but maidenly shyness—natural girlish timidity, I assure you!"

Mr. Hopkins looked gratified, but still doubtful.

"You are quite certain, then, that she really loves me?"

"There cannot possibly be a doubt of it, Mr. Hopkins!"

And Noah Hopkins departed, treading gleefully over the ringing pavements as his thoughts reverted ever and anon to the pretty 18-year-old damsel who was, cupid willing, so soon to become Mrs. Hopkins.

But what did Bessy Wayland herself think of it? And how did she contemplate the near approach of orange blossoms and wedding ring?

She sat there by the window, as her mother returned from bidding a ceremonious adieu to Mr. Hopkins, a modern edition of Niobe, "all in tears."

She was small and fragile, with shady blue eyes, rather large and languishing; light brown hair that had an irresistible inclination to curl all over her head in tiny gold-burnished rings, and cheeks where changing dimples hid away among the loveliest roses.

"Crying again, my dear?" said Mrs. Wayland, in accents of mild reproach. "Really, Bessie, your conduct is most inscrutable."

"Mamma!" sobbed Bessie, flashing rebellion from the brimming blue orbs, "I hate Mr. Hopkins!"

"My dearest child!" exclaimed the horrified mother, "don't let me ever hear you say such a shockingly unladylike thing again! When he is so condescending as to notice a child like you!"

"Yes, but, mamma—"

"I quite understand the meaning of this new freak of obstinacy," went on Mrs. Wayland, sternly. "You have seen Charley Evans again."

"I couldn't help it, mamma," faltered Bessie; "he was at the door just as I came out of church last night, and when I—"

"The idea!" ejaculated Mrs. Wayland, holding up both her hands and looking appealingly at the ceiling, as if for inspiration. "And you can actually stoop to fancy a clerk in Mr. Hopkins' banking establishment!"

"But I don't 'fancy' him, mamma," returned Bessie, stoutly; "I love him with my whole heart."

"Hush—sh—h!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayland, authoritatively. "You will be married a month from to-morrow to Mr. Hopkins, Charley Evans to the contrary notwithstanding. And now let us sit down and make out a complete list of the dresses and things you will want."

"I don't care for dresses," pouted Bessie; but Mrs. Wayland paid no attention whatever to her remonstrance and opened her tablets, putting the pencil thoughtfully to her lips.

"You see, we must be very careful at first, for Mr. Hopkins is so exceedingly economical—it won't do to shock his ideas of what is proper and fitting."

Bessie winked away the tears and listened—nay, she almost smiled as her mother wrote down item after item. Mrs. Wayland could have hugged herself for her diplomacy.

"The girl never yet lived who could resist the attraction of new clothes and an outfit of dresses," she thought. "I knew how to bring the willful little minx to reason!"

"Bessie," she said, as she finally closed the little set of tablets and restored the pencil to its place within them, "Mr. Hopkins is coming to take you out walking to-morrow."

"Very well, mamma."

"And I think you had better wear your blue silk with the double satin folds. Never mind about putting on your new earrings and pin. Mr. Hopkins has some rather peculiar ideas, and might consider them a little extravagant for people in our circumstances."

"Yes, mamma," said Bessie, as docile as a four-year-old child.

She was all ready, looking exceedingly lovely in the blue silk dress, when Mr. Noah Hopkins called for her, according to the programme, next morning.

"What a lucky fellow I am," thought Noah, exultantly, as he drew the little gloved hand within his arm, with a sensation of proprietorship very agreeable to experience.

"Do stop a minute, Mr. Hopkins," said Bessie, as they reached the glittering splendors of a jeweler's window, "I just want to look at those pretty things! Aren't those rubies perfectly splendid. You're going to buy me a set of emeralds and diamonds, aren't you, when we are married? And a real Geneva watch with a bouquet of brilliants on the case? And a pair of those lovely link bracelets? I never had much jewelry, but when I'm married, I mean to buy everything that is pretty. And you'll get me a parure of big white pearls, won't you?"

"I—I'll think of it," stammered Mr. Hopkins, rather taken aback by the extent of his bride-elect's expectations.

"It will be so nice to have a rich husband," went on Bessie, artlessly. "Mamma says you'll let me have a carriage and a pair of darling little cream-colored ponies, that I can drive myself, with silver-mounted harness, and—"

"Y-yes, but you don't consider, my dear—horses are shockingly expensive," interrupted Noah, wiping his brow with a huge yellow silk pocket handkerchief.

"What of that? You're rich, aren't you? I shall have a housekeeper, and two maids, and a colored waiter, and white kid gloves—"

"Kid gloves are two dollars a pair, my dear," apologetically put in Mr. Hopkins.

"That's nothing, as long as one has a rich husband! We shall go to Saratoga, or the White mountains, for at least two months every year, of course. I always did sigh for a gay life and plenty of excitement."

"Sixty dollars a week for eight weeks—four hundred and eighty dollars!" mentally computed Noah, with a slight shiver. "I shall come to the poorhouse, as sure as I'm a living sinner!"

"And as many dresses as I want," pursued Bessie, clapping her little hands. "Mrs. Glenn has 32 silks, and I don't know how many of nuns' veiling and taffetas. Oh, Noah, how glad I am that you are rich!"

Noah Hopkins stared confusedly down at the blue eyes that were upturned to his so unconsciously.

"You'll have a billiard table, of course? I dote on billiards—and a yacht, for I'm so fond of the salt air, and sea bathing, and—"

"I'll have a private insane asylum and put myself in it first!" ejaculated Noah, driven to the very borders of distraction. "Miss Wayland, I must have entirely misunderstood your character, from beginning to end!"

"I shouldn't at all wonder if you had," said Bessie, demurely.

"I certainly never for an instant contemplated such frightful extravagance as you seem to coolly take for granted."

"If I marry a rich husband I certainly mean to use his money and enjoy it," said Bessie, defiantly.

"Then, ma'am, allow me to remark that you will not use mine! I—I prefer remaining single!"

"And what's to become of me, with all my wedding clothes ordered?" whimpered Bessie, trying very hard to summon the semblance of mortified tears into her mischievous blue eyes.

"Perhaps you might prefer some younger man?" suggested Noah, with the lively horror of a breach of promise suit rising up before his mind's eye. "I understand that my clerk, Mr. Evans, is—"

Bessie's cheeks glowed like carmine.

"Mr. Evans' situation does not justify him in marrying—he is too poor. I'm afraid you'll have to take me yourself."

Noah involuntarily recoiled from the idea of pony carriages, cream-colored horses and yachts.

"Yes, but—but our head clerkship is vacant, at a salary of $2,000 a year. I did intend it for old Bogsley, but Charley Evans is a very deserving young fellow, and—"

Here Miss Bessie interrupted him by standing on her tiptoe to give him a kiss that almost shook his resolutions of celibacy. But he remembered the colored waiter, with the white kid gloves, and stood firm!

"But what will mamma say?" suddenly questioned Bessie.

"I will make it all right with her, my dear," said Mr. Noah Hopkins, thinking of the gorgeous India shawl full of palm leaves and pagodas, wherewith he would propitiate the impending anger of his mother-in-law that was not to be.

"It'll cost a deuce of a sum," thought Noah, sorrowfully, "but it won't compare with the daily and hourly drain of an extravagant wife. I'm well out of this scrape, shawl or no shawl!"

So our little Bessie went triumphantly home, to work at her wedding garments with renewed zeal, sewing a happy thought in with every stitch, and Charley Evans was that very day agreeably surprised with a $2,000 position, formally presented to him with a little stiff speech by Noah Hopkins, Esq.

"Poor Evans," thought Noah, as Charley left him after a torrent of thanks, "that extravagant little puss will be the ruin of him, before he is a year older; but it's no business of mine."

Nevertheless, Mr. Evans would persist in rushing blindly upon his fate, and married Bessie Wayland on the very day originally set for the consummation of Noah's own nuptials. Mr. Hopkins went to the wedding, and muttered thoughtfully to himself, as the bridal party passed beneath the arched doorway of the church:

"Good Apollo! what an escape I have had!"

But Mr. and Mrs. Evans were quite contented with the existing state of things.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Mr. Fabre claimed that after 16 years of cultivation he secured a variety of wheat from a common grass, the "Aegilops Ovata," which grows abundantly all over the south of Europe. Others, however, claim that he was mistaken, and that the flowers of the plants in his experiments were hybridized with wheat.

PLENTY OF QUAIL AROUND

Minnesota Fields Are Overrun with the Delicious Game Birds.

The effect of the protection afforded quail in this state by the game and fish commission and by legislative enactment has been to increase the numbers of this game bird in a very remarkable degree. Three seasons ago the call of the quail was seldom heard in adjacent bush or timber, and although there has been little respect for the law in some localities the combined action of the commission with that of sportsmen's clubs throughout the state has resulted in the increase of the quail beyond the most sanguine hopes of its protectors. There is evidence in the country all about Lake Minnetonka, where, in the best days of quail shooting in this state, birds were most plentiful, that all immediate danger of extinction for Bob White has become a thing of the past. Repeatedly during the last few months reports have reached the Journal that immense numbers of quail have been seen in the vicinity of Waconia, the country thereabouts being particularly favorable to these birds. Even in a country where quail are thick it is not usual to put up more than a couple of coveys in half an hour, but recently in an hour's ride along the Minneapolis & St. Louis track between Excelsior and Victoria no less than six coveys of 15 or 20 birds each were flushed. This indicates that there will be a revival in the coming autumn of a sport that has been dropping out of sight in Minnesota for some years past, owing to lack of birds. It would be an excellent thing if the game commission could prevent the shooting of a single quail during the present year, for the birds now have a good start, and in another year it will be safe to resume hunting, providing the class of gunners that puts a whole covey at one shot can be prevented from indulging in his customary slaughter.

To a sportsman there is promise in the sounds that reach him in a run around the Minnetonka country nowadays. The quail can be heard whistling in every patch of timber, while another bird that has hardly been known in this part of the state for years appears to have taken up a residence here again. A covey of ruffled grouse, numbering some 20 or more birds, was seen on Big island. The gentleman in the party that discovered them supposed that they were preserved and owned by Mr. Searle, whose zoological tendencies are well known, but the latter gentleman asserts that he has not attempted to breed grouse up to the present time.—Minneapolis Journal.

"EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY."

A Foreign Legion Organized by an American Sailor in China.

With a spirit of liberality and quick discernment little characteristic of his countrymen, Li Hung Chang early recognized the fact that the methods and weapons of Chinese warfare were antiquated and ill-suited to the work in hand, and he welcomed the opportunity afforded by his stay at Shanghai to introduce into the campaign modern military appliances. A foreign legion, enlisted from the unemployed and adventurous Europeans who frequented that port, was admitted into the Chinese army under the command of an American sailor named Ward, and which, on account of its brilliant successes, and following the Chinese practice of adopting high-sounding titles, was called the "Ever-Victorious Army." Ward, after a thorough organization of his foreign contingent, and a series of triumphs over the rebels, was killed in an assault upon the enemy, and the command of the corps devolved upon Col. Gordon, who was detached from the British army for that purpose.

This foreign contingent was the most trustworthy ally of the Chinese general in the suppression of the great rebellion, and much fame has justly come to Gordon for the part he bore in the contest. But there is a general disposition on the part of British writers to belittle the services and smirch the reputation of the American, Ward, who is always styled by them an "adventurer." How he differed from Gordon in that respect is not apparent; but certain it is that he is entitled to the credit of having displayed marked military ability both in organizing his forces and in leading them in battle; and he demonstrated the wisdom of the Chinese commander in enlisting the corps, and its utility as a means of putting down the rebellion. No greater indorsement of his military genius could have been given than by Gordon himself in adopting his organization and following his methods to the smallest details.—John W. Foster, in Century.

Timekeeping by Flowers.

Gardeners should know that it is quite possible to so arrange flowers in a garden that all the purposes of a clock will be answered. In the time of Pliny 46 flowers were known to open and shut at certain hours of the day, and this number has since been largely increased. For instance, a bed of common dandelions would show when it was 5:30 o'clock in the morning and 8:30 o'clock at night respectively, for these flowers open and shut at the times named, frequently to the minute. The common hawkweed opens at 8 o'clock in the morning, and may be depended upon to close within a few minutes of 2 in the afternoon. The yellow goat's beard shuts at 12 o'clock noon, absolutely to the minute, sidereal time. The sow thistle opens at 5 a. m. and closes at 11:12 a. m. The white lily opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 5 p. m.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Surprise.

Caller—Will you tell Mr. Peters I wish to see him?

New Servant—Oh, he knows you are here. He saw you from the window.

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes, and when he saw you he said: 'Great Scott! What next?'"—Texas Sifter.

—It is lawful in China to kill a grave robber the instant he is caught in his underhand work.

ENGLISH HOME LIFE.

Restful and Interesting—Free from the Plague of Hurry.

The English home life is ideal in many respects, and it would be a good thing if a bridal trip could be spent within its charmed circle by some of our young couples. Certainly the English understand home life better than we Americans do, and their principles in this line could be well adopted among us, and life would yield a richer harvest of love and association. Our days are crowded with the restless preparation for the coming to-morrows, while the English method is to get all the comfort and pleasure out of each day as it comes along. The day has its own life, and he is the wisest man who gets the most out of its short span. There is no blind hurry and there is a certain contented leisure in which to enjoy the present. I have observed it all through England. It is a lesson for the American to learn "to rest and be thankful." The home is the center of love, social pleasure and comfort. It is not a mere place to eat and sleep and carry on the train of business followed all day in the office. There is a glow from the family hearth that has a spark that is akin to divine fire, which binds the whole family to the home for generations; and when once the doors have been opened to the guest every hospitality and kindness is shown him, combined with a genuine home feeling.

At morning prayers, master, mistress, children and servants are at least for once in the day all united. Breakfast all over England is at nine o'clock. It is set upon the table, the joints of cold meat on the sideboard, the bell is rung the servant or housemaid goes about her duties and the breakfasters help one another. The maids of England are a delight after our independent, impudent, crude Irish servants. There is a mutual respect maintained between mistress and maid, and decidedly more consideration is paid in England to the servants than here. The slightest demand is always accompanied by a pleasant "If you please" and "Thank you." It is not considered well-bred to omit this little form. More servants are employed in the household, as the Englishman rarely does for himself what he can get anyone else to do for him. The master supervises the servants, the mistress the household. Cabs at cheap rates are always at hand, porters pick up your traps and bundle you into railway carriages. A cultivated English woman thinks her time too valuable to devote it all to housekeeping. She economizes in other ways and gets a housekeeper or excellent upper maid. Her own time is devoted to her children, her guests, her reading and her correspondence. If she entertains much she must keep abreast of all the topics of the day. Conversation must embrace all topics, if her dinner table is to be a success. The dinner hour is from seven to eight p. m., and even later. This gives the full benefit for the enjoyment of the long twilights in summer, when out-of-door life means so much. It seems as if the people wished to get all the sunshine they could as an offset to the dreary months of fog.

The important epoch of the day is dinner. It is more or less a meal of ceremony, even in the humbler households. The Englishman does everything seriously, and his meals are never hurried over or slighted. At a hotel he prefers table d'hote to the American plan of ordering a la carte. Here again one sees the time for everything and everything in its own due time. But I must say the long-drawn-out table d'hote is a weariness to the spirits. Between four and five o'clock all the tea and luncheonrooms in London are thronged, for "the cup that cheers," etc., is indispensable to the men, women and children. I think more tea must be consumed than in any other city of the world. Business is set aside and time taken for a rest and refreshment. Among the poorer classes this custom is also observed.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

DIFFICULTIES OF BURNT WORK.

Drawings Made by Hot Iron on a Surface of Wood.

Many years ago the manual labor of the artist in color was reduced to a minimum; he no longer grinds his colors, or makes his canvas and brushes. But up to the present day the artist in burnt wood has toiled on with his rude forge and burning-irons, with the devotion of an old-time alchemist. Singularly enough, relief from the discomforts of this crude mode of work has at last come through the avenue which brings relief from all physical ailments—that of medicine. The thermocautery, a surgical instrument invented for cauterizing, has been adapted to the use of the artist, so that he can work with comparative freedom.

Formerly the fire-etcher employed copper tools, not unlike soldering-irons, set into wooden or other non-conducting handles. These tools cooled rapidly, and had to be constantly shifted, while the oxidation of the copper necessitated constant cleaning. What with feeding his fire and blowing it up with hand bellows, it is a wonder that the woodburner produced anything at all artistic. To-day the hollow burning point is of platinum, a metal which does not oxidize. Once heated, a never-failing current of naphtha gas, burning within, enables the artist to work for hours, wholly independent of the forge, the bellows, and other paraphernalia. The electrode, another surgical cautery, is likewise used in burnt-wood work, and electricity will in time supersede all other means of heating the burning point.

With these facilities at hand, the fire-etcher must still encounter difficulties not found in practicing the kindred arts. Clouds of smoke constantly rise in his face, while the incessant flashing of the fiery point is always trying to the eye. He must have a deep-rooted love of his art, and the patience of Job.—J. William Fosdick, in Century.

—The only quicksilver mines of importance in this country are located in southern California.

PITH AND POINT.

—Teacher—"Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say: 'You can't learn me nothing?'" Patsy—"Yis'm." Teacher—"Why?" Patsy—"Cause yer can't!"—Tit-Bits.

—Jinks—"The greatest man to treasure a grudge is my barber. The other day an enemy of his died and he was called to shave the corpse." Minks—"What did he do?" Jinks—"He cut him dead."—N. Y. Press.

—Summer Conversation.—"Were you ever seasick?" "Never in my life." "That's strange; how do you account for it?" "Principally because of the fact that I never went on the water."—Boston Transcript.

—The Tie That Binds.—Bandit—"Throw up yer hands and don't move unless you want to lose yer brains." Traveler—"But stay! You and I are riding the same kind of wheels." Bandit (after hasty examination)—"Pardner, forgive me. Take back yer pocketbook and depart in peace."—Cleveland Leader.

—The Coming Shakespeare.—Mrs. Chaffie—"I'm afraid there's something the matter with Johnnie." Mr. Chaffie—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Chaffie—"He sits in a corner all day and doesn't say anything to anybody. Either he is going to be a great poet, or he is going to have the measles. I can't decide which it is."—Texas Sifter.

Methodical Literature.—"This is a very good Fourth of July story," said the editor of the magazine, "but I don't quite see why you offer it now. Here it is several weeks after the Fourth. Matter that is supposed to be timely should be furnished in advance." "I know it," the contributor replied. "I was trying to carry out your idea. This story is for the next Fourth of July."—Washington Star.

—Sure Preventive.—"Professor," said the fair leader of the reform delegation to the reticent neighborhood philosopher who was supposed to know everything, "we're trying to make this world better, and have taken the liberty of seeking your advice. What is the surest way to prevent divorces in this country?" "Don't get married."—Detroit Free Press.

SUCCESSIVE TEA GROWTHS.

When One Variety Is Removed Other Kinds Spring Up.

Almost universally the notion prevails that when the pines are gone they are gone forever, and that the soil where they grew is worn out, unfit to reproduce good timber qualities. This notion, so damaging to forest preservation, also discourages improved forestry on the prairie, where temporary trees are often planted only for the present convenience of the proprietor.

Alternations of trees are as various as the species within the territory where they occur. In the southern states especially, and sometimes in the northern, oaks take the place of the departing pines, and so the reverse. But the succeeding oaks stand no show compared with the poplars, aspens, especially, and the canoe birches. The latter grow on moist or dry places, and fires cannot eradicate them. Both waft on wings of down their millions upon millions of almost infinitesimal seeds, that alight everywhere. Burned districts or any cleared land are their paradise. Hence, all along the northern tier of lumber states and the Canadas, even to the arctic circle, these trees take possession of the denuded lands. Fortunately they are short-lived, and often pave the way for the return of the pine.

Oaks get a foothold, too, interspersed with other hard woods, for their seeds and roots, long buried under the leaves and soil, get sunlight enough to sprout. These facts demonstrate that with proper management we can have the most valuable trees if we only plant and preserve them and keep out fires and browsing stock.

So far from the forests having a worn-out soil, it is the best in the world. The decay of the fallen leaves and limbs, the carbon dioxide thus evolved for plant growth again, the nitrifying agencies of the network of roots, form the rich humus of the future farms. Neutralize this fertilizing art of nature by injudicious cutting or burning the leaf mold, and not only is the soil thus impoverished and droughts provoked, but sorrowful alternations of trees inevitably ensue.

H. B. Ayres, a forest expert of Minnesota and close observer, avers that burnt land could not be put in condition as promising as an adjoining unburnt tract for less than $20 an acre. On an unburnt acre, cut the same winter—three years before his investigations—he counted 1,267 little white pine seedlings, two years old, growing under the shade of immature pine saplings, poplar, maple and hazel brush. Every woodsman has noticed like results wherever fires in the pine regions are excluded.

The English oaks grow to-day in places where William the Conqueror found them when he invaded Britain. For centuries the pines of Maine have repeated themselves on their native heath. Given the conditions, and the fittest remain while human generations come and go.—Hardwood.

Could Not Write in Winter.

"Cold weather," writes Mrs. Stowe, "really seems to torpify my brain. I write with a heavy numbness. I have not yet had a good spell of writing, though I have had all through the story abundant clairvoyance, and see just how it must be written; but for writing some points I want warm weather, and not to be in the state of a 'froze and thawed apple.' I hope to get a clear, bright month in Florida. I did want to read some of my story to you before I went. I have read it to my husband, and though one may think a husband a partial judge, he likes it. All I want now to go on is a good frame, as father used to say about his preaching. I want calm, soft, even dreamy, enjoyable weather, sunshine and flowers."—Atlantic.

WOMAN AND HOME.

IMPROVING NATURE.

A Fanciful Art Which Originated Among the French.

An authority tells us a few of the secrets of the production of color in flowers and fruit, and we mention them here for the benefit of many who wish to try such a curious experiment for themselves. It is said that to color flowers through the stalks it is necessary to put five grammes (one gramme is equal to 15 grains) of any coloring matter into a vessel which will hold about ten grammes, to bruise the tip of the cut stalk with a light tap with a hammer, and then to put the stalk into the vase for a longer or shorter time, according to the depth of the coloring required. Two hours after this contact with the dye the tinting of the flower is accomplished. On taking the blossom from the vase it is advisable to cut off the bruised part of the stalk and soak the flower for an hour or two in a vase of clear water. To tint white bulbous plants, fill a vase with 50 grammes of clear water, stir the mixture up well, then, after slicing the bulb with a penknife in one or two places and cutting off the tips of the roots, leave it steeping in the tincture until the flowers begin to color. Then replace it in the pot, covering it with a little moist earth, and the flowers will finish coloring there. Fruits, as well as flowers, can be artificially colored, and sometimes this is done for the purpose of adulteration, as, for instance, when plums are too green they are coated with acetate of copper and sulphate of copper.

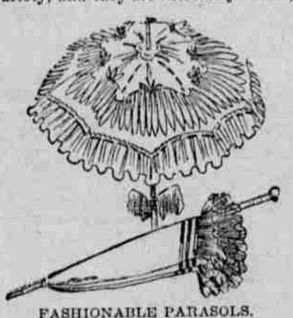
When too pale, lemons are tinted up with citronine and "napthol yellow," the green spots being imitated with "diamond green." Strawberries are colored by sprinkling them with "sulfofuchsine" or "rhodomine." Peaches receive a beautiful coloring from a mixture of "rhodomine" and "citronine," applied with a brush, using a zinc stencil plate pierced with holes. In melons a tube is introduced through which "atropeoline" and "orange azo," with a little essence of melon, is put into the center. Very pretty varieties of apples and pears are contrived by using a little aniline dye. These devices may make bad fruit salable, but are not examples to be copied, unless for the sake of making a curious experiment.—Home Queen.

THE LATEST PARASOLS.

More Gorgeous and Dainty This Season Than Ever Before.

Parasols have blossomed out more gorgeous than ever this season, and materials are employed which never entered into their construction in years gone by. Rich, soft tints, rather than bright, glaring colors, are most fashionable, and Dresden flowered and chine patterned taffetas and brocaded silks make the most useful parasols, which in some instances match the costume. But this is not considered necessary to good style, as one flowered silk parasol, well chosen, is equally pretty with many different gowns.

Parasols of grass linen come in great variety, and they are extremely useful,



FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

too. Plain parasols of silk in delicate colors and with dainty enameled handles are the favorites with the most distinguished women in society, but the elaborate confections of lace and chiffon must have some mission among the wealthy portion of the fair sex. Many of the chiffon parasols are lined with chiffon, and it is shirred and ruched up and down the sticks with reckless disregard of the quantity of the material. Two or three ruffles trim the edge, with a ruche above and around the top, and one novel design is a white silk parasol covered with white chiffon ruffles edged with narrow cream lace. Colored chiffon parasols are also fashionable. Glace silk parasols are lined with cascades of chiffon and fringed with green leaves, and with the new fad for soft, quiet colors comes the dove-colored parasol lined with pink. Knife-plaited frills of silk trim the edge of some some of the shot silk parasols. Carved ivory, Dresden china and all sorts of natural wood handles have usurped the place of gold and silver, and added to these are enameled handles, and all sorts of freak handles, with an orange an apple or a bunch of cherries at the end, and parrots and birds of various kinds are represented.—Chicago Chronicle.

Light in the Sick Room.

An experienced physician says there is nothing more gloomy and depressing to the spirits of a patient than dark sick rooms. If the light hurts the patient's eyes, let him be shielded from it by a screen or curtain, but admit the sunlight as freely as possible to the rest of the room. Shield the lamp or gaslight with a shade, but let the light be kept up while the patient is awake. In short, everything must be done that can be to maintain a cheerful and neat appearance in all that belongs to the surrounding of the invalid.

Keeping Butter in Summer.

To cool butter in warm weather, place a deep earthenware pan in a box, surround it with wet sand, place the butter in the pan, cover it over, and place the lid on the box to exclude the air. Keep the sand wet with plenty of cold water. For small quantities of butter a small tin will be found useful. Every few days the sand should be emptied out and rinsed in plenty of water.

ROUND CENTERPIECE.

Description of a Pattern Which Is Very Popular in France.

A design for a round centerpiece that will work out beautifully is shown in cut; and while it may seem elaborate and a great deal of work, it is in reality quite a simple pattern to carry out. As the ornament is distributed around the outer edge it lends a pleasing contrast to the open center when it is worked either in outline stitch or solid. From 15 to 20 inches is a good size to make a centerpiece of this design, but it will not develop well if made smaller than 14 or 15 inches, as it would crowd the ornament too much; 18 inches is perhaps the best size, measuring from the outer edge of the buttonholed scallops. The buttonholed edge is preferred to a fringed one, as it is more durable and launders better.

ROUND CENTERPIECE.

However, if the fringe be desired, the scallops may be worked and the linen fringed up to them, and after the piece has been used for awhile and the fringe begins to show sign of wear, it is an easy matter to cut it off.

For fine work it is hardly necessary to state that the best quality of round-thread linen is the most satisfactory; it may be frequently laundered without showing the slightest signs of wear, it is easy to embroider on, it holds its shape well, and these are not the only advantages it holds over other materials, as those who have used it already know. For very fine work, such as some of these designs suggest, a very good material may be found in Japanese grass linen; it is very fine and thin, having a surface somewhat like bolting cloth, and its general appearance is like that of good surah silk. Its greatest width is only 34 inches, and it will range from two to three dollars a yard. It may not be possible to find it at the large dry-goods houses, but it can always be had at the shops which make a specialty of importing Japanese and Chinese goods. Take care in selecting it, however, as there are several grades, and only the best is smooth enough in texture for our purpose. As the threads are hand-spun, and the fabric hand-woven, it is impossible to get it as regular as Irish linen; but for fine embroidery it is most desirable, and its beautiful finish recommends it for all kinds of dainty embroidery when hemstitching is not desired. The threads may be drawn, but are so fine and irregular it is a somewhat difficult matter, and when drawn the result is not always satisfactory.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Legend of the Opal.

There is an ancient legend that says a woman's living heart was once imprisoned in a milk-white stone, and the throb of its passion and its pain shone through the half opaque surface, and made it dart and flash, and flutter with flame color, and rose and violet and golden tints. Sometimes it beat high with hope, and the surface was radiant with light; frequently sorrow oppressed it, and its rays were fainter and less glowing. There seems no more beautiful or more fitting association for the lovely opal to have. It almost has life in its center, and no matter how small the stone, if it be of pure origin the colors are as perfect and as varying as in larger specimens.

How to Roll an Umbrella.

Everybody knows that it is a fine art to roll an umbrella correctly. It is a manly art, if one has to judge by the beautiful condescension with which a man offers sometimes, in an excess of generosity, to roll a woman's umbrella for her. For the benefit of those benighted ones who have never yet mastered this art, it may be well to give the following formula: The right and only way is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand, then hold them tightly enough together to prevent their twisting while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand.

Never Used a Hair Brush.

A charming English woman, whose hair always looked like burnished gold, announced one day that she never used a brush on it. However, she had a substitute. With a large silk handkerchief, such as good housekeepers covet for brightening their silver, she stroked it firmly and briskly 100 times, night and morning. She said this method possessed all the good qualities of a brushing, without ever running the danger of breaking a fine hair or tiring the head.

Roses in Cake Baskets.

Roses look particularly well in silver, and a very good use may be made of a low antique silver cake basket by filling it with a glass that will hold an abundance of water, and putting your roses in that. Tie a bunch of roses to the handle with ribbons or grasses, and you will have a beautiful decoration for a dinner table.

Between Servants.

"So you think it's a good place for me, do you?"

"Oh, yes; very fair. I know the family. Aside from having four children they are good people."—Illustre de Poche.

Difference in Tastes.

Mr. Gotrox—I saw you kiss my daughter, and I want you to understand that I don't like it.

Mr. Staylate—Well, I do.—Town Topics.